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# CARNEGIE

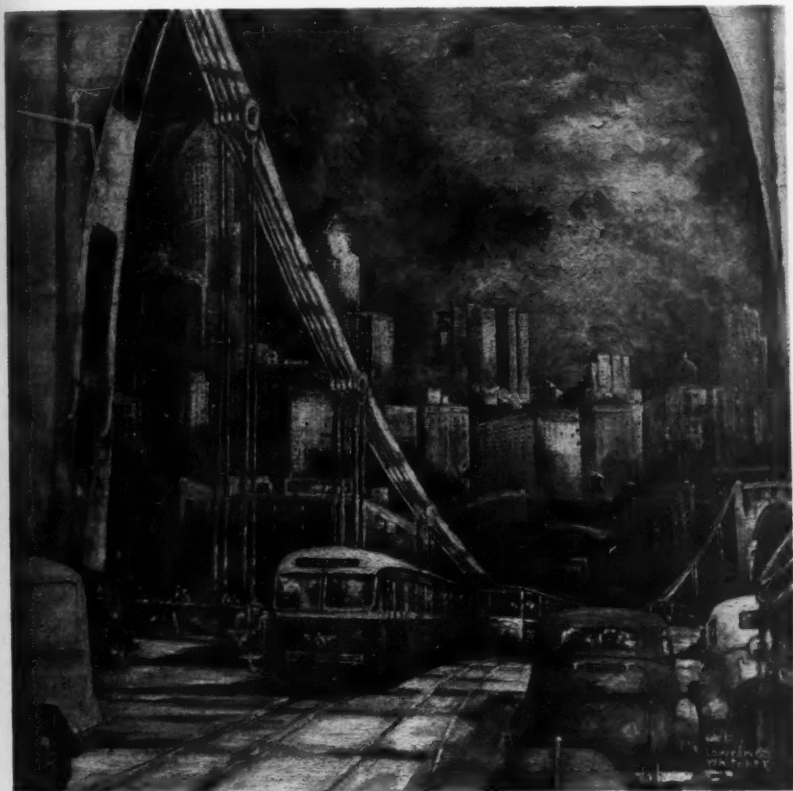
## MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XVIII PITTSBURGH, PA., FEBRUARY 1945 NUMBER 9



GOLDEN TRIANGLE BY LAWRENCE WHITAKER

*Christian J. Walter Memorial Prize*

Exhibition of Associated Artists of Pittsburgh

(See Page 259)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XVIII NUMBER 9  
FEBRUARY 1945

Al! this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart  
break;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I  
budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yes, for my laughter.  
—JULIUS CAESAR

—12—

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—13—

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growth of these collections and the extension of  
its service is contributing substantially to the  
glorious mission of the Institute.

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE freely grants permis-  
sion upon request to reprint without limit articles  
that appear in its pages, with the usual credit.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT  
[In Springfield, Illinois]

It is portentous, and a thing of state  
That here at midnight, in our little town  
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,  
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
He lingers where his children used to play,  
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.  
He is among us:—as in times before!  
And we who toss and lie awake for long  
Breathe the deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.  
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,  
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.  
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn  
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:  
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,  
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,  
That all his hours of travail here for men  
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace  
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

—VACHEL LINDSAY

TO ENGLISHMEN

O Englishmen!—in hope and creed  
In blood and tongue our brothers!  
We too are heirs of Runnymede;  
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed  
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill  
Through centuries of story  
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
We share with you its good and ill,  
The shadow and the glory.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

MEN TODAY

I love the man that can smile in trouble, that  
can gather strength from distress, and grow brave  
by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to  
shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose  
conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his  
principles unto death.

—THOMAS PAINE

# AS PITTSBURGH ARTISTS SEE IT

*The Thirty-fifth Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh at the Institute through March 15*

BY NORWOOD MACGILVARY

*President, Associated Artists of Pittsburgh*



WHEN the Associated Artists Exhibition comes, the first spring robin cannot be far behind. From modest beginnings this Exhibition has come to be one of Pittsburgh's important seasonal art events of the

year. Since the days are now perceptibly longer, and the sun is shining with greater intensity throughout more hours of each day—at least so we are told by the weatherman—it is to be hoped that, in spite of the coal shortage, there will be enough light by which to see the exhibits.

Because this reviewer is himself a member of the exhibiting group, he feels compelled to confine his remarks to generalities suggested by the exhibition, omitting comments on specific works and people. It hardly seems prudent or good form for him to presume to pass judgments on the contributions of his collaborators, most of whom he knows personally, and many of whom are friends it is his firm intention to keep. You just can't go up to two good neighbors, and after praising the progeny of one of them say to the other: "Pardon me, but that Johnny of yours is a nasty little brat. It would certainly be a good break for the rest of us if you would ship him off to Uncle Asa's farm. The change would do him as much good as it would do us."

Forthrightness and candor are no doubt excellent qualities, and inval-

uable to a critic; but even these, like Tabasco sauce, have to be used with some restraint.

While he has the stage, this reviewer, hereinafter to be known as "we" or "us," is going to sound off on his own account. We are going to ramble around poking into some problems posed by this and other exhibitions, prying into some of the difficulties confronting the artist who is trying to get his message across to the public.

The jury by its act of selecting the exhibits has already performed one of the most important of the critic's jobs, and by designating certain of these to receive awards, it has finished another—that of rating them in some order of excellence. These works so singled out are plainly marked for all to see. They are also shown in reproductions in the catalogue, and, subject to the limitations of space, many of them are reproduced with this article.

If past experience means anything, the public is surely going to differ with many of the decisions of the jury. That, of course, is the public's privilege. In art, as in love and religion, especially in our free country, no one is under any compulsion to accept the verdict of any other, whether that verdict be rendered by a layman or by a so-called "authority." Each person is privileged to be his own critic, and is cordially invited to make his own private awards. It is to be hoped, however, that in reflecting the awards of the jury the visitor to the galleries will do so in a moderate tone of voice, and in as tolerant a mood as possible, remembering that juries are also people who have as much right to their own opinions as



HOME AGAIN BY FRANCES COX SANKEY  
Association's First Prize

anybody else. It might be noted that there are some important differences between our opinions and those of the jury. Ours are private, and strictly not negotiable, while those of the jury are official, and may be cashed at the bank.

It somehow doesn't seem quite grown-up to go off in a tantrum of rage simply because somebody has said that something is a better work of art than something else—which is what a jury award amounts to. Anyone who has ever served on a jury knows that their verdicts are sometimes "split" verdicts. When personal opinions conflict there is apt to be either some horse-trading, or else a surrender on the part of the easy-going jurymen to one uncompromising, aggressive, tough member who has to have his way or nothing. Maybe the tough guy of the next jury will have other tastes and ideas from the tough guy of the year before.

It is therefore not so hard to account for those reversals which have occurred in other exhibitions, as well as in those

of our own Associated Artists, when entries rejected by one jury have been accepted and awarded prizes by a succeeding jury. Such erratic and apparently injudicial conduct, though often consoling to the also-rans, is infuriating to those methodical minds that demand unanimity and conformity in art judgments. These people are doomed to their futile and perpetual rage of disappointment. Its very nature precludes any infallible mathematical test of universal application by which such an agreement could be reached. The only sure test is a private one, which is based on the personal responses of each individual, and are valid for him alone. There is no official list of "points" a jurymen can refer to, and to which he is expected to conform, such as a judge in a dog show is given to guide him in determining those qualities which characterize the purity of a particular breed. Try as they may, even psychologists and parsons cannot accurately evaluate for others, or catalogue

in the order of merit, those illusive reflections of the spirit, of which art is one.

Art juries, though they may have precedents behind them, are not usually inclined to follow them. They are too ardent individualists for that. Besides, they have no body of codified laws to guide them, or any police power to enforce their verdicts. As an artist, a jurymen may be an expert in the technicalities of his trade, but even when he comes to picking pictures for himself he is acting as much in a truly private capacity as an alderman who is choosing a girl-friend for himself.

Since, however, some selecting agency is necessary, if we are to keep our exhibitions within manageable limits, we should be grateful to these distinguished and busy men who, without compensation, are willing to give their valuable time and subject themselves to the inconveniences of present-day travel to do for us what we cannot, without hard feelings, very well do for ourselves. They certainly deserve gratitude rather than knocks at our hands.

The personnel of this year's jury was tops, personally and professionally, and we acknowledge our deep obligation to them for their services in selecting our thirty-fifth annual exhibition.

While we are on the subject of juries, we should like to propound some notions about the jury and other systems of selecting exhibitions. The public exhibition of art is a phenomenon of comparatively recent appearance. It is an invention inspired by the need of the growing number of artists who create work, not on order for a particular client or patron, or for any specific purpose or place—such as a mural or statue for a palace or public building, or a portrait to hang in some private hall—but purely as an exercise in self-expression, resulting in what in painting is called an "easel picture," whose ultimate destination is wholly speculative, and whose purchaser and future owner—if any—belongs to the company of those things that are hoped for, but the evidence of which is by no means clearly seen. It was for such artists and

their works that the exhibition was invented. At best it is a makeshift, but until something better is devised it will have to do.

There are now two principal kinds of exhibitions in this country. The difference between the two is to be found in the method of selecting the exhibits, or rather in the agency which selects them. These two kinds are the "jury show" and the "invited show."



THE VISITORS BY MARGARET EDMONDS JENSEN  
Carnegie Institute Prize

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

The terms are self-explanatory. If the exhibits are selected by a jury, it is a jury show. If they are invited by an individual, such as a museum director, or, as occasionally happens, by a group, it is an invited show. The current Portrait of America show, as well as the present Associated Artist exhibition, are jury shows, while the Painting in America exhibition of last fall was an invited show. Some exhibitions combine both systems, thus taking care of the elect and at the same time placating the rabble with a few crumbs.

One by one our larger galleries seem to be dropping the jury shows in favor of the invited. There is something to be said for this shift. An important jury show draws thousands of too hopeful entrants—sometimes so many that only one entry in ten can be accepted and hung. This inevitably imposes a terrific task on the gallery's facilities for handling such quantities of material. It also encourages many to enter their work at great cost to themselves of packing, shipping—often over long dis-

tances—and handling at both ends of the journey, with only slight chance of being accepted after all the time, trouble, and expense. The artist who is invited to exhibit is of course spared all this uncertainty, and very often is also spared the expense, when this is borne by the gallery. The gallery's problem of handling is also much simplified. The exhibition is moreover assured of having a representation of those artists whose fame and prestige is such that they feel they can ignore all exhibitions to which they are not specially invited to send an exempt work.

In spite of these and other advantages, however, the invited show has some disadvantages which in our opinion seem to outweigh its advantages. One is that the opportunity for exhibiting may well tend to become more and more restricted to a special group of established names, without which an exhibition is thought to be incomplete—a sort of frozen "Who's Who in Art," as it were. The emphasis tends to be placed on the artist's reputation estab-

lished by his previous work, rather than on the specific work which is to be exhibited. Another dangerous defect is that the power to invite is, like the power to tax, the power to destroy—by exclusion—as well the power to make—by inclusion. It is an arbitrary and dictatorial power which should not be vested in any one person, or small group of people, no matter how liberal, enlightened, and



BACKYARD BY ABE WEINER  
Association's Second Prize





NOVEMBER BY IRENE VON HORVATH  
Rosenbloom Water Color Prize

impartial they may be. Still another defect is that this power to invite, or to destroy, is more often than not placed in the hands of those who are not themselves artists.

The trade of the artist is one of the few in which the control seems to have been turned over to outsiders. We never hear of the medical profession's allowing outsiders to determine who shall be permitted to practice as physicians, nor do we catch the legal profession being so free with its licensing power as to surrender it to laymen. The average artist, however, is so intent on his own creative endeavors, and so indifferent or averse to the bothersome problems of organization and control over his own trade that he may wake up some day to find that before he can even be classified as an artist he must go, hat in hand, to someone outside of his trade for permission. Many artists already see clearly what is coming and are dissatisfied with the prospect.

The jury system, on the other hand,

especially where the jury is a jury of artists chosen by artists, does in some measure represent the trade and is at least democratic. Though any one jury may happen to be prejudiced, biased, or somehow lopsided, the next jury may lean, or be warped, the other way. In the long run, since the personnel is constantly changing, these biases cancel out each other, and we have what approaches a fair average estimate of the profession by the profession. Since there is no permanent body of judges, but only a shifting series of them, with changing combinations, there is less danger of the selecting powers getting entrenched behind their own favorites, or under the influence of interested pressure groups, such as the dealers, who have their own private interests to further in pushing their own candidate.

There is still one other type of exhibition which is not selective at all. It is the free-for-all show, open to all comers without restriction, except that the space allotted to each exhibitor—



WEAVING  
BY  
BERTHA GILL JOHNSTON  
AND  
BOOKBINDING

BY  
THOMAS PATTERSON

Sharing the  
Mrs. Roy A. Hunt  
Crafts Prize

by lot or otherwise—is necessarily limited by the capacity of the premises. Something in the nature of a Town Hall, with miles of wall space, would be required to serve the demands of a large community. Such an exhibition, regarded as an example of interior decoration, is not likely to be very pleasing to the fastidious decorator. In it we shall undoubtedly discover some chaos, with horrid clashes of color, and monstrosities of drawing and design. What of it? This is truly the only democratic type of exhibition, and for that very reason is not likely to gain the support of any but the most generous of those artists whose own aristocratic position is already assured under the present system. But for the others—both artists and public—it ought to furnish perpetual interest and excitement. It should be the means of making art a truly vital concern to the people, as much a current language of the people as its spoken English and American. We would then have a true participation by the people, as there was in the concourses of ancient Athens, with results resounding to this day. Under such a system, not everybody is going to be a great master, but no

masterpieces need be born to blush unseen, or any masters condemned to hide their genius in an attic for want of the



PORTRAIT OF G. H. LESTER

BY DOROTHY T. LESTER  
Society of Sculptors' Prize



means by which it may be discovered.

Is this all pure fantasy? Certainly not. It has been done right here in America, and with momentous consequences. Had it not been for the Armory Show of nearly forty years ago, in New York, influences which have profoundly affected the course of American art might not have operated, or might have been indefinitely postponed. What was shocking and revolutionary in the Armory Show is now so commonplace as to be academic in its own turn. Yet it is certain that not one of the then entrenched galleries would



THE PRODIGAL SON BY MARION L. GRAPER  
Carnegie Institute Sculpture Prize

have dreamed of handling it, or would have dared to do so.

After this excursion into the problems of exhibitions in general, it is about time for us to return for a glance at our subject, which is this particular jury show of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh. In this are included sections devoted to crafts, sculpture, black and whites, water colors, and oils.



CHAMOIS AND YOUNG BY ADOLPH DIODA  
Pressley T. Craig Memorial Prize

In the crafts section we should like to call attention to the many choice examples of handicraft, which include various kinds of metalware, jewelry, bookbinding, ceramics, weaving, and the like. Perfect as much of the product of mass production is, there is always a personal something to be found only in the hand-wrought article—a something that may make its very blemishes appealing. Those who appreciate this will not make the mistake of rushing through this section in their hurry to see the pictures.

Among the interesting pieces of sculpture, to be found in the same room with the crafts, we seem to notice an accelerated trend away from the naturalistic and toward the more abstract in conception and execution. These generalizations often take the shape of distortions which are whimsical or

bizarre according to the mood of the artist, or else tend toward pure simplifications inspired perhaps by classical influences. The materials used have often been selected with a feeling for the subject matter, and are appropriate to the style of execution.

In this room too are to be found interesting prints and black and white drawings.

Occupying the smaller room near the elevator is a memorial exhibition of the paintings of Milan Petrovits, whose recent death has taken from us one of Pittsburgh's most conspicuous painters. His work will be greatly missed from future exhibitions of the Associated Artists. These paintings reflect the zestful personality of the artist, and his thorough competence as a draughtsman and as a painter. The art life of our city is the richer for the contribution that he has made to it.

By far the largest section of the exhibition is that devoted to oil paintings, which, incidentally, include many examples of different kinds of tempera painting. There is this year a special room for abstract paintings. For the first time it was possible for the artist to specify whether he wished a particular entry to be judged separately as an abstract, or judged with the majority of miscellaneous kinds of paintings, ranging from the almost photographically naturalistic to the almost abstract generalizations.

Not everybody is interested in first causes, or is much concerned with metaphysical problems. But there are people to whom such subjects are not only of prime intellectual importance, but of great emotional implications as well. Painters with metaphysical leanings like to get down to the fundamentals of form and color as such, and to play with these rather than with natural objects. This kind of painting approaches abstract music, in which the composer, though he may call his composition a nocturne, is really concerned mainly with the progression, the grouping, and the qualities of sound for their

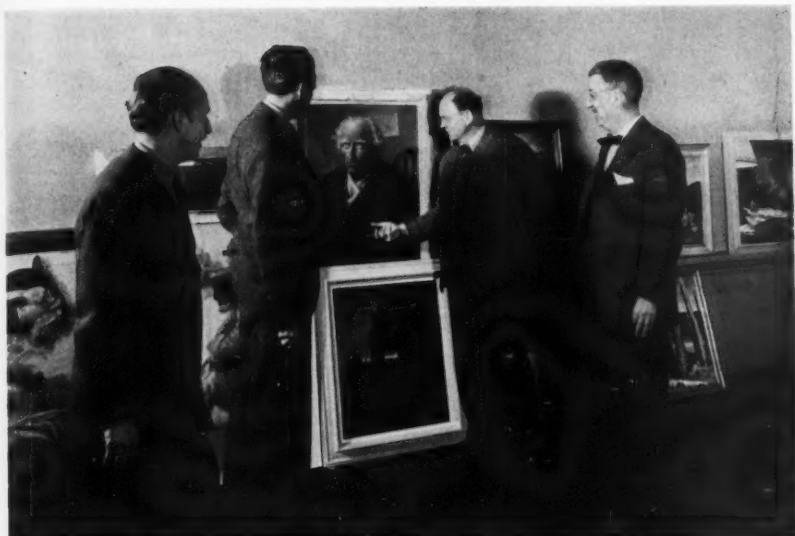
own sake, and with their effects, rather than with the reproduction of any particular sounds that might be heard on a moonlight night.

"Abstract" and "realistic" painters often scorn each other for no other reason except that their interests differ. There must be first causes and fundamental relations, and if these are, or can be made, visible, they become the proper subject for painting, which may have a profound effect upon the emotions. On the other hand, it would be a forbidding world if the Creator had never gone on from first causes to create the multiplicity of final effects and details which make our visible world so infinitely varied and fascinating, both in themselves and as material for art.

Whether our main interests shall rest with the elementals, or with the complex products that have evolved from them, is a matter of temperament, which in turn is the result of individual constitution, perhaps, or of some influence in the environment. Just as in the realm of ideas there can be both science and philosophy, so in art there can be that whose subject matter is discovered in all the visible effects and objects of nature, as well as that which finds its subject matter in the non-objective relations between these. Even in so-called realistic work these relations are nevertheless present, though they may be more or less concealed; and they must be carefully considered, or the work will disintegrate for the want of them. In abstract work they are featured rather than concealed.

Which is more important, the plan and foundations of the house, or the house itself? The question shows the quibble. The answer might depend on whether the answerer were the architect or the occupant.

In the main body of the oil section we see that the jury has shown its broad-mindedness in selecting examples of many different kinds of work, representing varying points of view, and executed in various manners and technique. We have those exhibits done



THE JURY IN ACTION

*Left to right: KENNETH BATES, Crafts; HEINZ WARNEKE, Sculpture; REGINALD MARSH and GUY PÈNE DU BOIS, Paintings*

with meticulous care, with patience lavished on detail and finish. These recall from the odds and ends stored somewhere in our mental attic these verses:

"Silently sat the artist alone,  
Carving a Christ from an ivory bone;  
Little by little, with toil and pain,  
He won his way through the sightless grain."

Sometimes we get the foolish notion that if there were a little bit more of this toil on the part of some artists, there might be a little bit less pain in our exhibitions. We love sketches for their shorthand recordings of effects, actions, and moods. Some of them are miracles of clarity, brevity, and condensation. One superfluous touch would be too much. On the other hand, we see many presumably finished paintings, offered as a final and complete statement, which to our minds could stand several touches without suffering any ill effects from overexpenditure.

In this connection we have a distinct impression of a growing proportion of

so-called primitives and near-primitives. Of course there is still in the world a rapidly diminishing number of primitive people, including cannibal savages, and a huge number of people who are still real children in years. We expect these people to act as primitives and as children. They do so without any affectation or strain, and we can appreciate the charm of their primitiveness and of their childhood. We also have among us adult people with little or no training in drawing or in the other elements of picture-making, who are nevertheless so endowed by nature with a sincerity and a sensitivity to color and design as to make their untutored paintings quite worth while. But we seem also to have some sophisticated grownups who, observing the unselfconscious natural charm of true primitives and of real children, and remembering that of such is the kingdom of heaven, yearn to return to that blessed estate of innocence. It can't be done by taking thought—either in

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

painting or in real life. Pidgin English and baby-talk won't do it. However, in their boredom with too much self-conscious cleverness, juries are too apt to turn for relief to that equally self-conscious artlessness of the near-primitives and would-be children.

It would be instructive to all of us to be taken behind the scenes to see the two out of three entries rejected by the jury to make room for those selected and hung. How comforting to those who are in might be the thought that they are the real quality folks in art—if they could only be sure that all those who are in are really superior to all those who are out! Perhaps you and we could have done a better job of picking, if we had had our way. But we just didn't happen to be on the jury.

On behalf of the Associated Artists, we thank everybody in the Fine Arts Department for making our exhibition possible. Its Acting Director, Mr. John O'Connor, Jr., and his staff have been most co-operative and patient with our inexperience in the staging of the show. Henry R. Nash and his assistants have made the exhibits look their best by his discriminating arrangement of them, and his expert hanging.

All in all, we think we have something to show which is worth seeing; so we invite you one and all to come and have a look. Come and pick your own favorites, and leave the rest for somebody else.

### EXHIBITION OF WATER COLORS

ACCORDING to The Art Institute of Chicago's revised exhibition schedule, the annual American exhibition will consist of oils and sculpture every other year, and of water colors and drawings in alternate years. In this way two major annuals have become biennials. The 1944 water-color show thus became the fifty-fifth annual American exhibition.

For many years the Carnegie Institute has shown a selection of water colors from the Chicago exhibition. This year will be no exception. Beginning February 22 and continuing through March 25 the water colors will be installed on the Balcony of the Hall of Sculpture.

A review of the exhibition will appear in the March number of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.

### ASSOCIATED ARTISTS FORUMS—1945

THE art forums that are held annually in connection with the exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh are taking place this year on Tuesday nights in the third-floor gallery of the Carnegie Institute. The first was held on February 20, a discussion under the heading, "Art Is More Than Painting," in which the protagonists were Frederic C. Clayter, for crafts; Oscar W. Demmler, for music; Joseph Bailey Ellis, for sculpture; Robert Gill, for drama; and Charles M. Stotz, for architecture.

The schedule for the other forums is as follows:

#### FEBRUARY

- 27—"Art—A Businessman's Asset." With discussion by:  
George E. A. Fairley, *Director of Public Safety*  
Alexander Galbraith, *British Consul*  
Gustav L. Schramm, *Judge, Juvenile Court*  
George Seibel, *Director, Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny*

#### MARCH

- 6—"The Doctor Looks At Art." With discussion by:  
Col. C. G. Gentzkow, *Deshon Army General Hospital*  
Dr. Ralph E. Morgan, *Dentist*  
Dr. John W. Shirer, *Surgeon*  
Dr. Charles B. Walton, *Dentist*
- 13—"Art and Religion." With discussion by:  
Rev. W. R. Farmer, *Chaplain, Heinz Memorial Chapel*  
Rev. Francis X. Foley, *Ms. Mercy Academy*  
Rabbi Herman Hailperin, *Tree of Life Synagogue*  
Rev. Irvin R. Murray, *First Unitarian Church*

# "PORTRAIT OF AMERICA"

*Exhibition of One Hundred and Fifty Paintings—the Result of Co-operation between Art and Industry*

THE one hundred and fifty paintings in the exhibition, *Portrait of America*, which is currently being shown at the Carnegie Institute, were selected by a jury, elected by delegates from member societies of Artists for Victory, Incorporated, from about five thousand canvases submitted in a competition that was open to all American artists. The theme was present-day America and American life. Artists were to interpret this theme as covering subject matter that contributes to presenting a picture of this country—the people, the cities, farms, and factories, the woods and rivers, the flora and fauna of the land, shown at any season of the year.

From the paintings in the exhibition,

twelve were chosen for awards by a separate jury composed of artists, museum directors, and critics. The first four awards, on payment of the prize monies, became the property of the Pepsi-Cola Company, the commercial sponsor of the general undertaking, and the next eight prize pictures, which were awarded five hundred dollars each, remained the property of the artists, the Pepsi-Cola Company being given only the privilege of reproducing them. All twelve prize winners were reproduced in color in the Pepsi-Cola Company calendar for 1945. Someone has pointed out that the competition was unique in that this was the first time that a jury of artists chose paintings for a commercial purpose, and that in



MAINE SWIMMING HOLE BY WALDO PEIRCE



SIDEWALK MARKET BY LOUIS BOA

this particular consideration "calendar art" and "fine art" became equivalents in quality for that purpose.

Portrait of America is an exciting, colorful, vigorous, stimulating, and compelling exhibition of paintings. One of its failings, if it be a failing, is that the exhibition does not live up to its name. That is the danger of giving a name to a child in anticipation of its birth. And yet an exhibition, unlike a child, does have to have a name in advance of its being. I remember a sociologist who could lecture for hours on the importance parents should place on the selection of a Christian name for their baby. His theory was that a child lives up to its name, and that in turn the name has a tremendous influence on its character. In the case of Portrait of America the exhibition does not live up to its title. While it is true that the pictures are all of the American locale—for that was the idea of the competition—the exhibition does not give a fair and impartial portrait of the scene in the United States.

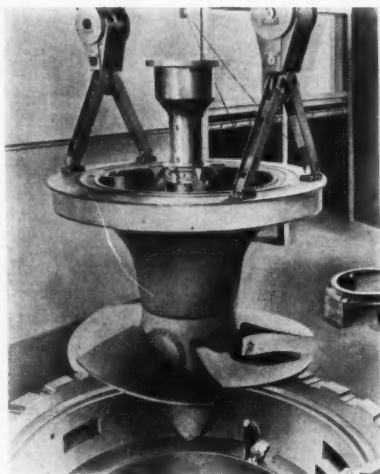
Competitions are always, as Edward Alden Jewell has said, "in the laps of the gods." In the first place, it should be noted that there are many artists

who will not send to a jury exhibition. This may account for the absence of a host of important names in the show. Also, most juries are strongly biased. Please observe I did not say prejudiced. They give their own particular flavor to a show and in many instances impart continuity to it. And then again, a given member of the jury may dominate the selections and naturally put his definite mark on the exhibition. I have never believed in a Salon des Refusés. On the other hand, before adversely criticizing a jury exhibition I would like very much to see the rejections, which would give some idea of the jury's problem and reveal how far the members went in solving it. This show poses the question once again as to whether or not a truly notable and representative exhibition may come out of a competition.

Portrait of America is middle-class, if not proletarian, United States. It is a limited cross section of life in this country. I do not say this in a derogatory way, but it should be called to the attention of sociologists, historians, philosophers, and economists. It is not "let the artist beware," for he continues as ever to reflect his times, but



"let the statesman attend to what the artist has to say." Perhaps it is the very best exhibition we can have, not in the very best world, but in the present state of the old hemisphere. There are no so-called salon paintings in the show. There is no pretentious art. There is a noticeable absence of drawing rooms, estates, and formal portraits. Most of the canvases are small. The tonal school, so far as the exhibition is concerned, is a thing of the past. And drawing is almost at a premium. The emphasis is on the ordinary, the commonplace, the naïve, and the primitive. The artists certainly do not see America whole and clear. Nothing that has been said here, however, should be taken as indicating that it is



SUSPENDED POWER BY CHARLES SHEELER

not an interesting, alive, forceful, and worthwhile exhibition, for it is.

The prize awards, on the whole, are very satisfactory. As someone has commented, they are representative of the show, having neither real excellence nor a total lack of merit. The Waldo Peirce, "Maine Swimming Hole," is painted in the artist's vigorous, spontaneous manner, and is cer-

tainly a slice of American life. Louis Bosa's "Sidewalk Market" is a brilliant performance, worthy of an award in any exhibition. "Festa" by O. Louis Guglielmi, which received one of the eight awards of five hundred dollars, is a busy, colorful, and well-organized canvas. "New England Barn" by Vincent Spagna has design, human in-



DAWN COVERT BY JOHN CARROLL

terest, and beautiful color. "Summer Day" by Joseph De Martini, with a little less drawing might have been an abstract painting of no little merit. "The Terminal" by Stuart Davis is an intriguingly invented abstract that naturally does not lend itself very well to calendar art. It must be said that the jury of award chose with excellent judgment from the material available, that is, the one hundred and fifty paintings consigned to them by the jury of selection.

There are a number of important names in the exhibition, which means that these artists did enter a competition, contrary to what was said earlier, that many artists—especially those of achieved reputation—will not submit to a jury of selection: John Carroll, Adolf Dehn, Gifford Beal, George Biddle, Jon Corbino, Ernest Fiene, William Gropper, Guy Pène du Bois, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Doris Lee, Frank Kleinholtz, Reginald Marsh, Marion Greenwood, Hobson Pittman, Robert Gwathmey, Zoltan Sepeshy, Charles Sheeler, Niles Spencer, and Max Weber. But not, in many instances, by a very representative canvas. Carroll's dramatic dawn hunting scene is exceptional, while Weber's landscape is not one of his best paintings.

There are fourteen or fifteen pictures that have appeared before in Carnegie Institute exhibitions, but in each instance there is a good reason to welcome its return. This is particularly true of Clarence Carter's "Tech Belle," Virginia Cuthbert's "The Art Gallery and the Pheasant," Jack Levine's "The Syndicate," Nicolai Cikovsky's "Summer Symphony," and that very moving, pathetic, and sympathetic canvas entitled "Little People" by Richard E. Williams. Marguerite Zorach's "Christmas Mail," Niles Spencer's "Blast Furnace," and Margit Varga's "Main Street, Brewster" are others in that same category.

It is always a pleasure to come on new names in an exhibition—new at the Carnegie Institute—but naturally

it is not the names but the quality of the pictures which enhances the joy of discovery. It is to the jury of selection of the Pepsi-Cola Competition that the credit should go for such names as Miriam Anne Barer, Esther Worden Day, Friedolin E. Kessler, Jr., Lawrence Lebduska, Carlos Lopez, Alexander Masley, Gladys Mock, Anna Mary Robertson Moses, Norman L. Nichols, Luc Osborne, Dede Plummer, Oscar Schneiweiss, and Harold Sterner.

If it has not been made clear, it should be, that the competition and awarding of the prizes were conducted by Artists for Victory, Incorporated, with the sponsorship and collaboration of the Pepsi-Cola Company. The competition, awards, and exhibition represent the most ambitious, notable, and generous co-operation between art and industry ever carried out in this country. It is to the credit of the Pepsi-Cola Company that it inaugurated, sponsored, and financed the venture. The competition and exhibition point the way to closer ties between art and industry and will serve, in many ways, as a model for future activity in this field.

It should be explained that the Pepsi-Cola Company has decided to make the Portrait of America Competition an annual event and has already announced the plans for the second exhibition, broadening the scope of the prizes and the conditions of the competition to the end that the welfare of art will be more fully served and the artists will be more fully benefited. The first Portrait of America is a notable success, even if it is not a memorable art show. And here is to the success of the second competition and exhibition!

J. O'C., JR.

#### THE BEAUTEOUS SKY

Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur  
rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world.

—SHELLEY



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



ONE of Mr. Carnegie's maxims was, "The gods send thread to the web begun," and Tech's many friends and alumni—both as individuals and in their philanthropic and business organizations—have proven that he was right. Their faith in the future of the Carnegie Institute of Technology is evident in all their gifts, large and small, and it is on them that the success of our enterprise confidently rests. The work at Carnegie Tech has carried beyond teaching into such fields of research as place it at the service of industry and business in far-flung production lines. Its graduates, grounded in the knowledge required for the application of science to industry, have for years taken their place in all the well-known corporations and industries in America. Many of these corporations are now lending their support to build a greater Tech through their contributions to the 1946 Endowment Fund, whereby \$4,000,000 will bring \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York for a new total of endowment of \$12,000,000.

During the past month there has been added to this fund by three of these friends of Tech the sum of \$25,000, one half of which has been paid and the other half of which will be paid at a later date. Until the final settlement of this gift has been made the donors have indicated that they prefer to have their names withheld. It is with great pleasure that we acknowledge their gift here.

At this time we are free to release the name of a previously anonymous donor, Mr. Howard N. Eavenson, who has been active in the affairs of Tech, as a member of the executive committee and as a donor both of time and money toward the furthering of the usefulness and growth of the school. Mr. Eavenson gave \$18,000 to the 1946 Endowment Fund in September 1944—a donation to the general endowment fund

that, together with the other gifts acknowledged each month, will bring two dollars for one from the Carnegie Corporation in 1946.

One of the many fields into which Tech graduates have gone is that of the printing industry. No other institution in the country offers a degree in printing, and various industries connected with this field are now coming forward with contributions to the 1946 Endowment Fund. Their gifts will build up a Department of Printing Research Fund and a Department of Printing Scholarship Fund. Some of these contributions were acknowledged last month, and now there are several others: the Wilcox-Walter Furlong Paper Company, \$250; Kable Brothers Company, \$100; the Traffic Service Corporation, \$100; Guide Printing Company Inc., \$500; The Eddy Press Corporation, \$200; S. Rosenthal & Co., Inc., \$25; and Emil G. Stanley, \$25.

The Management Engineering Research Fund, comparatively recent in establishment—having been set up in June by Charles C. Leeds, Professor Emeritus of the Department—has proven of great interest. This month we not only have an additional \$500 from Professor Leeds, in memory of Professor George H. Follows, but also \$2,000 from William M. Fencil, \$100 from John W. Force, and—also as a tribute to Professor Follows—\$25 from Major Ralph H. Frank.

Two other very generous gifts that were made during January 1945 are to be earmarked later—\$1,000 from Arthur C. Ruge and \$500 from the National Publishing Company.

The Class of 1917 Engineering Scholarship Fund has been augmented this month by three gifts from alumni: \$200 from A. L. Heston, \$150 from Louis Sandler, and \$10 from Anthony J. Kerin.

The William L. Marks Memorial

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Scholarship Fund has received an additional gift from Howard C. Wertenberger—this time for \$100.

An anonymous gift of \$200 has been made to the general endowment fund, and also a contribution of \$200 from H. S. Stockdale. Fred C. Ziesenheim has sent in a \$25, Series E, U. S. Savings Bond for this same fund, to which \$191 has been contributed by the following alumni:

W. F. Applegate, Henry C. Brown, Joseph T. Connell, Archibald Jones, Jr., Lloyd J. Lauffer, Samuel L. Malakoff, J. W. McCredie, Warren D. Nupp, Charles C. Richiusa, A. C. Sedlachek, Oscar J. Swanson, D. W. Talbott, and Richard H. Williams, Jr.

Mrs. J. F. Biddle and her sister Dr. Anna E. Jamieson have contributed \$25 to the Mary Louise Brown Graham Memorial Scholarship Fund, which was established in 1941 by Alfred S. and Estelle G. Andrews to provide scholarships for students of the Margaret Morrison Carnegie College.

Other established scholarship and research funds that have received contributions by the alumni during January 1945 are:

Alumni Fund for Greater Interest in Government, \$10 from Frank C. Sturges.

Chemistry Research Fund, \$15 from Samuel S. Levin and Howard L. Malakoff.

Clifford B. Connelley Memorial Scholarship Fund, \$50 from O. W. Robinson and \$5 from Harry O. Waechter.

Crabtree Memorial Scholarship Fund, \$10 from W. C. Seabright.

Fine Arts Aid Fund, an anonymous gift of \$75, and \$12 from Ellen Van der Voort Becker and Mrs. R. Casper Swaney.

Hower Memorial Fund, \$25 from Dr. Henry H. Blau and \$50 from Herbert L. Moershfelder.

John H. Leete Memorial Scholarship Fund, \$50 from O. W. Robinson, and \$3 from Joseph J. Dunn.

Secretarial Scholarship Fund, \$20 from Lt. (j.g.) Grace L. Borgerding.

The acknowledgment of these sums that make up the gifts to the 1946 Endowment Fund for the month of January brings the total pledged and raised toward the \$4,000,000, as of January 31, 1945, to \$2,950,441.60.

## MUSEUM LECTURES

THE Museum Lecture Series will be continued through March 11, with a lecture on March 4 by Hal H. Harrison, naturalist photographer, writer, and lecturer, on "The Beat of Their Wings." The lecturer for March 11 will be announced later. These free illustrated lectures, to which everyone who is interested is invited, are given on Sunday afternoons at 2:15 in the Carnegie Lecture Hall.

## LENTEN LECTURES

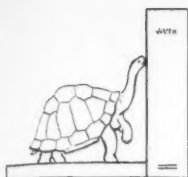
THE Music Hall Committee has announced a series of six free lectures to be given by Dr. Marshall Bidwell, Organist and Director of Music at the Carnegie Institute, on Saturday evenings during Lent at 8:15 o'clock in the Carnegie Music Hall. The first of these, on "Bach and the Baroque," was given on February 17. The subjects and dates of the remaining lectures by Dr. Bidwell are as follows:

### FEBRUARY

- 24—"Rachmaninoff—Great Russian Composer"  
Assisted by Lucretia Russell and Alice Stempel, pianists, and the Shadyside Presbyterian Church Choir under the direction of Joseph O'Brien.

### MARCH

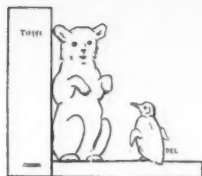
- 3—"A Visit to English Cathedrals"  
Illustrated with lantern slides.  
10—"Handel, the Layman's Composer"  
17—"The Story of the Madrigal"  
Assisted by the Peabody High School a cappella choir, under the direction of Florence Shute.  
24—"The Story of the Concerto"  
Assisted by the Westinghouse Educational Center Symphony Orchestra, with Eugene Reichenfeld conducting.



## THE SCIENTIST'S BOOKSHELF

By M. GRAHAM NETTING

Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum



ARCTIC MANUAL By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON. New York: Macmillan Company. 1944. 556 pp. \$3.00. Carnegie Library, call no. 919.8 S81ar



THE scientist's library is composed of two kinds of books: those intended for cover-to-cover reading and reference works too dry for page by page perusal. The book treated here, however, is a happy combination,

a factual manual which can be read like a narrative.

This, Stefansson's seventeenth book, is a worthy addition to the meager list of really dependable traveler's manuals. Best known of these, perhaps, is the Royal Geographical Society's *Hints to Travellers*, which has gone through many editions. My own set, worm-tunneled and musky with the odor which marks books that have been to the tropics, I prize especially because it was carried by Herbert Lang in the Congo. Less hallowed by age, but also extremely useful, is the Harvard Travellers Club's *Handbook of Travel*. More recently still, the exigencies of global war have stimulated the preparation of a considerable number of Army and Navy manuals, devoted to particular regions or to specialized subjects. The present volume, for example, is an authorized trade edition of two paper-bound booklets, with the same title, issued under the Air Corps imprint in 1940.

The Army made a wise decision when it recommended that the full-length version should include detailed explanation of the principles underlying spe-

cific instructions so that a reader could acquire "such a grasp of fundamentals that he could devise the appropriate solution for any problem which might arise." The author is to be commended for carrying out this directive with notable success. Only those who have experienced difficulty in using condensed manuals, which omit the theoretical background and provide only brief directions, can fully appreciate the superiority of the present form. I recall, for example, a layman's guide to field medicine, which specifies five hundred tablets of intestinal antiseptic for a party of four for a one-month trip, without explaining how even hypochondriacs could have enough digestive trouble to require so much medication in so brief a period. Stefansson makes no such mistake. Knowing that most forest-wise travelers have learned to select protected camp sites, he explains in detail why the best Arctic practice is to camp in an open place. A tent placed in a lee might be covered by drifting snow during the night, and might subject the inhabitants to the danger of carbon monoxide poisoning or a cave-in.

The manual is divided into fourteen chapters, which treat in sequence: Historical Background; Physical Geography; Climate and Weather; Light in Polar Regions; Animal Life; Vegetation; Shelter, Heat, and Light; Food and Drink; Clothing and Personal Equipment; Health, Accident, and Disease; Travel; Transportation; Hunting and Fishing; and Mechanized Transport. Each chapter is subdivided into sections which are plentifully sprinkled with subheadings. This arrangement, to-



gether with cross references in the text, and a detailed index, facilitates the finding of any desired information.

The general reader will be astonished to learn how many widely current notions about the Arctic are fallacious. Stefansson points out, for example: that the Arctic, as a whole, is not a stormy region, although violent storms do occur in local areas; that Iowa averages more snow in winter than most polar localities; that it is never pitch dark during the Arctic night; that Eskimos do not grease their bodies for warmth; that Northern dogs are less expert than ours at finding their way home; and that a fur-garbed traveler, lost in a blizzard, should not keep moving, but should sit down and doze through the storm.

Stefansson does not take sides on the argument as to whether severe frostbite should be thawed by rapid or by gradual application of heat, for he says that, in his ten winters in the Arctic, he "associated almost exclusively with people who understood so well how to dress and how to take care of themselves that his experience with severe frostbite is very limited." He does, of course, warn against the very dangerous practice of rubbing snow on a frostbite, pointing out that, if snow at a temperature of  $-50^{\circ}$  were applied to a frozen area, it would simply result in a deeper freezing of the affected part. Frostbite spots on the face can be thawed most easily, he says, by withdrawing a warm hand from a glove and placing it against the spot for a few moments. A frozen foot may be extremely serious for a solitary traveler; if traveling with a companion, the victim is advised to remove his footwear and to tuck his frozen toes between his companion's warm "tummy" and fur underwear.

The highly informative chapter on clothing and personal equipment opens with the statement: "As protection against the weather of their various seasons, the Eskimos have developed on the whole better garments than probably any people in history." Pitts-

burghers who have just experienced an unusually cold winter will be intrigued by the information that a complete winter outfit of reindeer garments weighs less than ten pounds, every piece of which, other than the boots, "is as pliable as velver," and that underwear of young caribou skin, with the fur in, feels better against the body than silk. In such clothing, the author reports, "you can sit outdoors at  $-50^{\circ}$  and be practically unaware of the temperature, if no wind is blowing." Experienced Arctic travelers do not debate the respective merits of pajamas and nightgowns; they crawl into their fur sleeping bags with nothing on at all! Furthermore, if a dog fight begins during the night, the men dash out into the open, completely unclad. The author maintains that such brief outdoor excursions are less shocking to the body, even though the temperature may be as low as  $-50^{\circ}$ , than stepping under a cold shower at home, with the water at a temperature of  $40^{\circ}$ .

This reviewer will continue to inveigh against the practice of wasting the end papers of explorer's handbooks. This volume certainly needs a North Polar map. An inch-and-millimeter rule, a protractor, and conversion tables, printed on the unused pages, would be useful appurtenances, also. A few line drawings throughout the text would make some details clearer, but one must not expect every convenience in even the best manual. The only illustrations in the volume are a fine series of drawings and photographs portraying the successive steps in the building of a snowhouse. There are a number of minor typographical errors, identical with those in the government edition—an indication that the same plates were used for both.

I hope someday to see the Arctic tundras in the summer, with a goodly supply of DDT on hand, but I have no desire to dog Stefansson's footsteps in the winter. Nonetheless, I consider the *Arctic Manual* one of the most valuable recent additions to my bookshelf.



## LET'S MAKE MUD PIES!

BY JOSEPH BAILEY ELLIS

*Head, Department of Sculpture, Carnegie Institute of Technology*



THOSE who are given to forecasting what the well-dressed man or woman will be wearing or wondering about in 1956, and those who chart trends in this and that, having import for the future, predict that we

should be in a position before long to raise our standard of living to the point where the importance of planning for a sufficiency for all, so far as food, fabricated houses, and furnishings are concerned, will no longer require the time and attention now here bestowed.

Along this forecasting line much has been said as to the desirability of our doing some planning of our own regarding what we might do to assure adequate outlets for putting to good use the surpluses of time about to be made available.

When, as, and if this becomes your problem, should you desire to do something about it; should you, perchance, wish to delve into what may turn out to be a new world of "form-made fun"; you will have no need to follow Horace Greeley's dictum about going West, nor need you contemplate a Cook's Tour to the East, or even leave your own back yard for more than an evening or two a week! Many people have found a certain something comparable to the pot of gold at the rainbow's end—a never failing stimulant for an added zest to living—by following the simple prescription of "Let's make mud pies"!

Recalling the well-worn adage that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, it becomes a privilege and a

pleasure to offer evidence as to the dividends that can come from mud-pie making as a recreational or avocational sesame for immeasurable gain. For the record and as graphic evidence of what mud-pie making has meant as a stimulating side-line adventure—and much more in certain instances—to certain practitioners, let me introduce a coterie of such plastic practitioners who have heeded the call to evening sessions in the Department of Sculpture of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and who will, I feel sure, bear witness as to the worth-while fun and satisfaction derived thereby.

In line with the old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," there is a paraphrase of equal importance that sets up the paternal lineage of desire



BUMA BY THELMA KAPP

Shown in the 33d Annual Exhibition  
Associated Artists of Pittsburgh



THE PROPHET BY CHARLES WATKINS  
Shown in the 31st Annual Exhibition, Associated  
Artists of Pittsburgh

being father to the deed. Now strong desire has been evinced on the part of certain members of the dental profession to try their hands at some extra-curricular making of mud pies in our department's evening classes. One would not be stretching truth or synonym too greatly to state that, as home is not complete without a mother, so Tech's night modeling class would not be complete without a dentist.

Initial urge seems to have stemmed from a logical belief that to make faces in clay—to actually build up and adjust mud-pie features—would prove

helpful in daytime orthodontive practice. Such doctors of dentistry as Thurlow and Charles Brand, Ralph Morgan, Austin Hutchinson, and Charles Walton, all started their mud-pie activities in the department of sculpture from such a toothsome premise. As their face modeling progressed, their interest broadened until, to a man, they came to realize that sculpture's tail was wagging a dental canine. A statement from one such dentist mud-pie maker is, I believe, worthy of quoting as indicative of this surreptitious metamorphosis, "Take it from me, Prof., if I'd struck this modeling game earlier, I'd never have been a dentist."

It is true that each dental mud-pie maker embarked upon his modeling with plenty of manipulative dexterity in the handling of fine tools and delicate situations. In this respect they had extreme advantage over other nocturnal modelers who, starting from scratch and paced or prodded by the urge of strong desire alone, or perchance by rapacious curiosity, carried through to broadening accomplishment.

A hole in a bag of South American ivory nuts, on a voyage to Caribbean ports and beyond, taken by one Charles Watkins, has led to his doing or undoing in the "Sea of Sculptural Sagacity," and has carried him on into a full-flowing Gulf Stream of strong happenstance, with further voyagings already charted into the realm of continuing achievement! From a bag of nuts to night-time modeling, to candidate membership in the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, to full-fledged active membership in this Pittsburgh fraternity of painters, sculptors, and craftsmen has the Director of Margaret Morrison Carnegie College moved ahead. Now, with a good block of limestone standing by to take the place of that first ivory nut and pocket knife that he used to carve a Lincoln likeness, our glyptic-minded Dr. Watkins can do justice to any president, or perhaps to some more effulgent creation of his own. Time will tell.

# THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Time, temperament, talent, and tenacity are all ingredients that have played important parts in whatever mud-pie making has meant or developed into, so far as other evening practitioners are concerned. For instance, there is Thelma Kapp, stenographer, office manager, and secretary by day, who has, nevertheless, found enough and to spare in these four T's to have produced mud pies of lasting calibre and consequence, while much more in the way of continuing accomplishment lies ahead.

Other practitioners there are who have come into their own in the field of sculpture, by way of the evening, avocational route, who not so many years back found out, to their own complete satisfaction, that they just couldn't keep away from making mud pies. For this recording let us settle on a trio who might well be known as the Three Musketeers of Night-time Modeling. Our selected three are possessed with as differing backgrounds, dis-



FOOTBALL PLAYERS BY RALPH R. ZAHNISER  
Associated Artists' Sculpture Prize in the 34th Annual Exhibition

positions, and pre-mud-pie professions as were ever possessed by Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. While the professional interests of this trio were, perhaps, not as extreme as "doctor, lawyer, Indian-chief," the record does show musician, athletic director, and engineer!

Musician W. Linwood Thompson was graduated from Tech's Department of Music in the mid-depression year of 1932. When Carnegie Tech's late president, Dr. Thomas S. Baker, urged all graduates who were not then fully employed to return to their alma mater to take advantage of proffered post-graduate study, Lin Thompson accepted immediately, and somehow managed to include a unit or two of modeling on his post-graduate schedule. Finding such mud-pie making definitely to his liking and showing as much propensity for the mud as ever duckling had for water, he continued to carry on with his modeling as an evening devotee.

And on and on has his trail in the field of sculpture carried ever since: from Pittsburgh to Louisville as coordinator and director in the sculptural and ceramic activities of Museum ex-



ALICE BY W. LINWOOD THOMPSON

Johanna Hailman Prize for Garden Sculpture in the 27th Annual Exhibition Associated Artists



CHRIST THE KING BY CHARLES BRADLEY WARREN  
Tympanum for St. Athanasius Church, West View, Pennsylvania  
E. J. HERGENROEDER, ARCHITECT

tension work. Now, returned to Pittsburgh from Chicago and Cincinnati mud-pie making, our erstwhile musician is again outstanding in Pittsburgh's sculptural picture as part and parcel of both the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and the Society of Sculptors.

Ralph R. Zahniser, as Westinghouse High School's athletic director and coach, year after year found the way to place championship teams in both basketball and football in the field of scholastic competition. He has also found the way and the time to forge ahead in the field of sculpture for his own account through evening sessions in mud-pie making.

In continuing his interests and capacities in both fields and producing prize winners in sculpture and sports, he may well carry on the tradition and the trail blazed by the late R. Tait McKenzie, who, while he was the University of Pennsylvania's director of physical education somehow found his full measure of the four T's and left an enduring record as a sculptor of outstanding merit and ability.

Charles Bradley Warren, the third member of our trio, started out to become an engineer. As he progressed in his course of studies in Carnegie Tech's College of Engineering, he became more and more conscious of the activities, interests, and objectives that fellow students in the College of Fine Arts were pursuing. At the end of his third year in engineering, because of emergencies at home, it became necessary for him to assume a full-time day job. When he could again consider a return to Tech, it seemed logical to try his hand where his heart had been leaning for some little time. He therefore switched from engineering to arts, and from day to night school. The evening classes in drawing and decoration were first on his list and horizon. These eventually led to the Department of Sculpture and mud pies. By this time there was no question as to whether it was to be art or engineering for Bradley, but only the question of whether that art career was to become harnessed to two or to three dimensions. The third dimension won the decision and resulted in a concen-

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tration therein during the last two years of a total of seven spent in Tech's evening classes, followed by two additional years of work at the Beaux Arts Institute of Design in New York. During this period he carried through to active membership in the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and in that capacity has been a consistent participator and prize winner in the Association's annual exhibitions ever since.

A charter member of Pittsburgh's Society of Sculptors, and one of its past presidents, he is firmly established as one of the city's leading sculptors.

The spinning of this little tale must now be brought to its close. In so doing, and in the light of past and proven experience, the writer desires to reiterate a heartfelt belief, that, if the "proof of the pudding is in the eating," if the desire is father to the deed, if time will soon be hanging heavy on your hands, then the "Let's Make Mud Pies" suggestion may warrant a trial for whatever portent it may hold for personal satisfaction in a charting for the future!

## A NEW HISTORY OF PITTSBURGH

THE questions that come in to the Pennsylvania Room of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh have long needed an answer in a brief form that could be given out to interested Pittsburghers. Not since Samuel Harden Church wrote his *Short History of Pittsburgh, 1758-1908*, has there been a concise book written on the early times of our city. To meet this demand, Miss Rose Demorest, the librarian in charge of this Division of the Reference Room, has written *Pittsburgh, A Brief History*. This fourteen-page booklet, written from source materials and printed by the Carnegie Institute Press, is now available at the Carnegie Library and its branches, free of charge.

Miss Demorest's story of the city starts in 1749, when the French explorer, Celeron de Bienville, was sent

here to take possession of the territory at the Point, and tells of the growth of Pittsburgh through its early days, its industries, its fires, floods, and cultural life. It will give thousands of people a résumé of the history of our own city and should further a spirit of intelligent, historical interest in its growth and development. Short, interesting, and in such convenient shape as to be readily accessible, it should find a wide usage throughout the city, not only satisfying the curiosity of the general reader, but leading him on to study in more specialized detail and research.

There has been a warm response by readers in personal letters and requests, and newspaper publicity has sent many Pittsburghers to the Library for additional copies.

As an evidence of its appreciation, we would like to quote here from "Pittsburghesque," in which Charles F. Danver wrote:

"After years of assisting authors in quest of historical data for their books, Rose Demorest, keeper of the valuable Americana in the Carnegie Library's Pennsylvania Room, has turned author herself. She has written *A Brief History of Pittsburgh*.

"The work is a 14-page pamphlet just published by the Library. Copies are now available without charge. The author hopes it will prove useful. 'Librarians usually direct people to books instead of writing them,' she says, 'but there seemed a need for a concise history of Pittsburgh, so I went ahead with it.'

"Miss Demorest is genuinely devoted to the city and her small treatise represents hours of painstaking research and careful composition in her spare time. 'The book is based in part on the many questions asked about Pittsburgh at the Library,' she says. With the exception of an article on Braddock's defeat, which appeared here some time ago, the *Brief History* is her first attempt at authorship, but not her last, for she is now gathering material for a centennial story of the Big Fire."



## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing the Annual Shakespearean Production  
under the Direction of B. Iden Payne



BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

Associate Professor of English, Carnegie Institute of Technology



WRITING in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for May 1941, the late Professor Harold Geoghegan remarked that of the few plays in the Shakespeare canon which had not yet been performed by the Department of

Drama, *All's Well That Ends Well* was perhaps the most likely to result in "any enjoyment on the part of the audience." Last month the production of *All's Well That Ends Well* in the Little Theater, a production which brought to the imposing total of thirty the number of Shakespeare's plays performed there, fully justified Professor Geoghegan's judgment as to its probable success.

Estimates of *All's Well* range from the fairly general opinion that it ranks among the poorest Shakespearean plays to Hazlitt's startling pronouncement that it is "one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies." Certainly in this controversy I stand with those who find the play inferior. Quite aside from the question of the unpleasant central theme, *All's Well* is an essentially dull work, lighted only here and there by flashes of great poetry, uneven in texture, interrupted by digressions full of tiresome verbal acrobatics, and presenting in Bertram one of the most unattractive heroes in dramatic literature. The fact that its stage history is, as Mr. Harold Child says, "brief and inglorious," may be considered im-

portant testimony to its comparatively low standing in the scale of Shakespearean drama. There is reason for believing that except for a production by Professor Payne at the University of Iowa last year, the Tech production is the only one which has been staged in America—but one would have to conduct extensive research before presuming to speak with confidence on this point. At any rate, the play is so seldom performed that Pittsburgh playgoers are indebted to the Department of Drama for an opportunity to see it.

*All's Well* presents a host of problems and has received correspondingly extensive study by scholars. The theory that this play is the *Love's Labour's Won* referred to in 1598 by Francis Meres has won widespread though not universal support. The date of composition has been placed by different critics as early as 1590 and as late as 1606. The only text, that of the First Folio, is obviously corrupt. The theory which best accounts for the extremes of good and bad in style and poetic quality is that the text as we have it is a revision of an earlier Shakespearean play made by Shakespeare and a collaborator, and transcribed by a careless copyist. But this theory—which enables scholars to assign categorically all the good parts of the drama to Shakespeare and the weak passages to the hapless "collaborator," and to distinguish boldly between what is "clearly" early Shakespeare and what is the product of the mature mind which conceived *Hamlet*—works almost too neatly, and we do well to remember that plausible though such theories may appear, they remain mere shrewd conjecture.



Whatever the chronological position of *All's Well*, it is full of themes and passages strongly reminiscent of parallel elements in other plays of Shakespeare. All these have of course been pointed out by scholars, but some of them strike even the most casual reader or playgoer. For one thing, in addition to the obvious similarity to the central theme of *Measure for Measure*, one cannot help noticing the resemblance between Falstaff and Parolles; the fat knight, of course, is by far the more entertaining and skilfully developed character, but the relationship of Parolles to Bertram is much like that of Falstaff to Prince Hal, and the bragadocio and unmasking of Parolles are reminiscent of Falstaff's misadventures. Then there is a close similarity between the parting advice of the Countess to Bertram and the more famous lecture delivered by Polonius to Laertes, Helena's bombastic assertion to the King that she will cure him of his disease

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring

echoes a passage in the play-within-the-play in *Hamlet*; the Clown's "flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire" reminds one of *Macbeth* and the drunken porter's "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire"; and Helena's reflection that

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie  
Which we ascribe to heaven

sends the memory flying to the far finer lines from *Julius Caesar*:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

The explanation of these phenomena, like "what Song the Syrens sang," may be indeed "not beyond all conjecture," but they furnish a mystery sufficiently baffling for all but the most self-assured of commentators.

*All's Well*, as produced at Tech by that eminent Shakespearean B. Iden Payne, turned out to be a far more lively and entertaining comedy than a reading of the play would lead one to expect. Mr. Payne's masterful use of the Elizabethan stage made possible a

rapid sequence of scenes which kept the pace surprisingly fast through most of the evening; indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a production on any other stage than one employing the Elizabethan conventions, for changes of setting are numerous. The inner stage was put to highly effective use in the scenes on the city wall, in the Widow's house, and in the camp, and the sets for these scenes were splendid. The striking Elizabethan costumes were a triumph of design and material particularly noteworthy in these days of universal shortages, and the curtains and tapestries were richly colorful.

Under Mr. Payne's direction, Helena—though not the "loveliest character" created by Shakespeare, as Coleridge strangely considered her—became a vastly attractive young woman whose tribulations won audience sympathy and whose stratagem against Bertram created somehow a less unpleasant effect than it does when one reads the play. The first Helena was particularly skilful in building for the audience a conception of an intelligent girl of iron will who is almost fiendishly resourceful without being annoyingly forward and without losing any of her feminine charm. Mr. Payne did a risky thing when he had Helena, in making her arrangements with the Widow, treat the conspiracy against Bertram as a subject for lighthearted though subdued merriment, but this technique proved successful in making the stage Helena more human and likable than the noble but somewhat didactic heroine that one remembers from reading.

The Countess of Rousillon, along with Lafeu, Parolles, and the Clown, was created by Shakespeare without the aid of a model in the story—originally a tale by Boccaccio—from which he derived his plot, and she deserves the universal praise which has been accorded her. The Countess of the first cast gave a motherly performance which had perhaps more warmth than the actress in the second cast gave to the role, but the second Countess combined

dignity and tolerant affection in a way which seemed to me highly authentic. Both actresses who played Diana represented her as mischievously enjoying her share in the tricking of Bertram and the mystery-mongering of the last scene and yet kept her from giving the offense which would have resulted from a too-sophisticated and brazen manner. The performance of the first Diana seemed to me especially fine.

As for Bertram, I fear that some of my dislike for the role itself has crept into my impression of the interpretation given it by the two actresses who endeavoured none too successfully to bring it to life. Bertram's original peevish pride may be forgiven him, but what can be said for the scamp of the final scene who tells lie after lie in order to save himself and does not hesitate to blacken Diana's character in the coarsest terms? Possibly—just possibly—if Bertram were played by a boy Prince Charming of phenomenal attractiveness, the role might please—but even then I should be skeptical. Under these circumstances it seems unfair to judge the performers at all! It should be said in their praise, however, that both actresses conveyed the surliness of Bertram's character, and his physical courage and strength, surprisingly well. I had some difficulty in hearing the first Bertram, who seemed to speak many of her lines while facing away from the audience.

To the King fall many of the loveliest lines in the play, and the actor who took the role spoke them beautifully, though not always in a way to be fully intelligible. He made a grave, handsome monarch of commanding presence and infinite dignity. Lafeu was a pleasant surprise. In reading *All's Well* one gets an impression of him as a rather tiresome old man whose role is definitely minor in spite of its considerable length, and I suspect that the skilful performance of the actor had much to do with the revised impression which I carried away from the theater. Not only was Lafeu far from tiresome, but

he had a vigor and an assurance which made him almost a dominating figure. Lavache is surely one of Shakespeare's least successful clowns. He would be missed but little from the play, and indeed one is inclined to ask impatiently with the Countess, "What does this rogue here?" The actor who represented Lavache, however, showed ingenuity in diverting the attention of the audience from his mostly second-rate lines by a sort of jumping-jack effervescence, and here again the stage role was more successful than I had expected it to be. With regard to Mr. Payne's device of bringing "the woman Isbel" on the stage in the form of a country simpleton, I find myself of two opinions: the episode was diverting, but of questionable authenticity and somewhat forced.

Parolles, for all his inferiority to the incomparable Falstaff, is a comedy character of considerable stature and along with Helena is largely responsible for such popularity as *All's Well* enjoys. He and the amusing scenes in which he figured go far toward explaining why the Tech production held audience interest so successfully. Like Lafeu, Parolles was played with commendable force and vividness, and if the performance seemed lacking in subtlety the reason lies principally in the role itself. The scene in which Parolles, thinking to save himself from torture, shamelessly betrays Bertram and his fellow-officers, was quite as effective as one would expect it to be, but the earlier and less famous scene in which he is apprehended by "enemy" soldiers speaking a strange tongue had a rich comedy that came out surprisingly in performance. Shrewd direction and the headlong enthusiasm of the student-players made the most of this hilarious episode.

The final scene of *All's Well* is hurried and confused in a way not uncharacteristic of Elizabethan drama. Not only does Shakespeare bring on stage a suddenly voluble Diana, make Bertram squirm painfully through a series

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of falsehoods, and surprise everybody but Diana, the Widow, and the audience with the return of the wronged Helena, but he throws in the quite superfluous complication of the proposed match between Bertram and the daughter of Lafeu. Yet after Helena's entrance all complications are resolved in a mere thirty lines! No small credit is due to Mr. Payne for the skill with which he smoothed over the difficulties inherent in this troublesome scene, but I retain doubts concerning the song-and-dance which followed the epilogue and which, at least in the early performances which I saw, was not very well executed.

### SCHEDULE OF EXHIBITIONS

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A timely exhibition of the South Pacific and Pacific area is now current in the Hall of Ornithology, which includes four miniature dioramas of the South Seas; a huge pictorial wall map of the region, as well as an illustrated map of the Burma Road, showing the diversity of human races in the region; indigenous animals, an assortment of butterflies and moths, shells, and plants are in adjacent cases.

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